

Nestled within an old army base, there lies Nexus. Official records list it as a disused military base, but those who venture close find no trace of conventional structures. Instead, they encounter a vast nothingness. Nexus remains an enigma. Its coordinates are known only to a select few high-ranking government officials, and even they tread cautiously when discussing its existence. Rumors suggest it lies beneath the surface, carved into the very bedrock, accessible only through a labyrinth of tunnels. Nexus stands as a beacon of innovation at the crossroads of robotics and biomedical engineering. Its sleek, glass-clad façade reflects the facility's commitment to transparency and collaboration.

Within Nexus, laboratories buzz with activity. Biomedical engineers in pristine white coats huddle around. Robotic arms, their surfaces gleaming, manipulate delicate instruments with precision. The walls are adorned with cryptic equations, neural network diagrams, and DNA sequences. In one corner, an MRI-guided robot-its sleek form reminiscent of a futuristic sculpture-performs intricate procedures on a synthetic brain

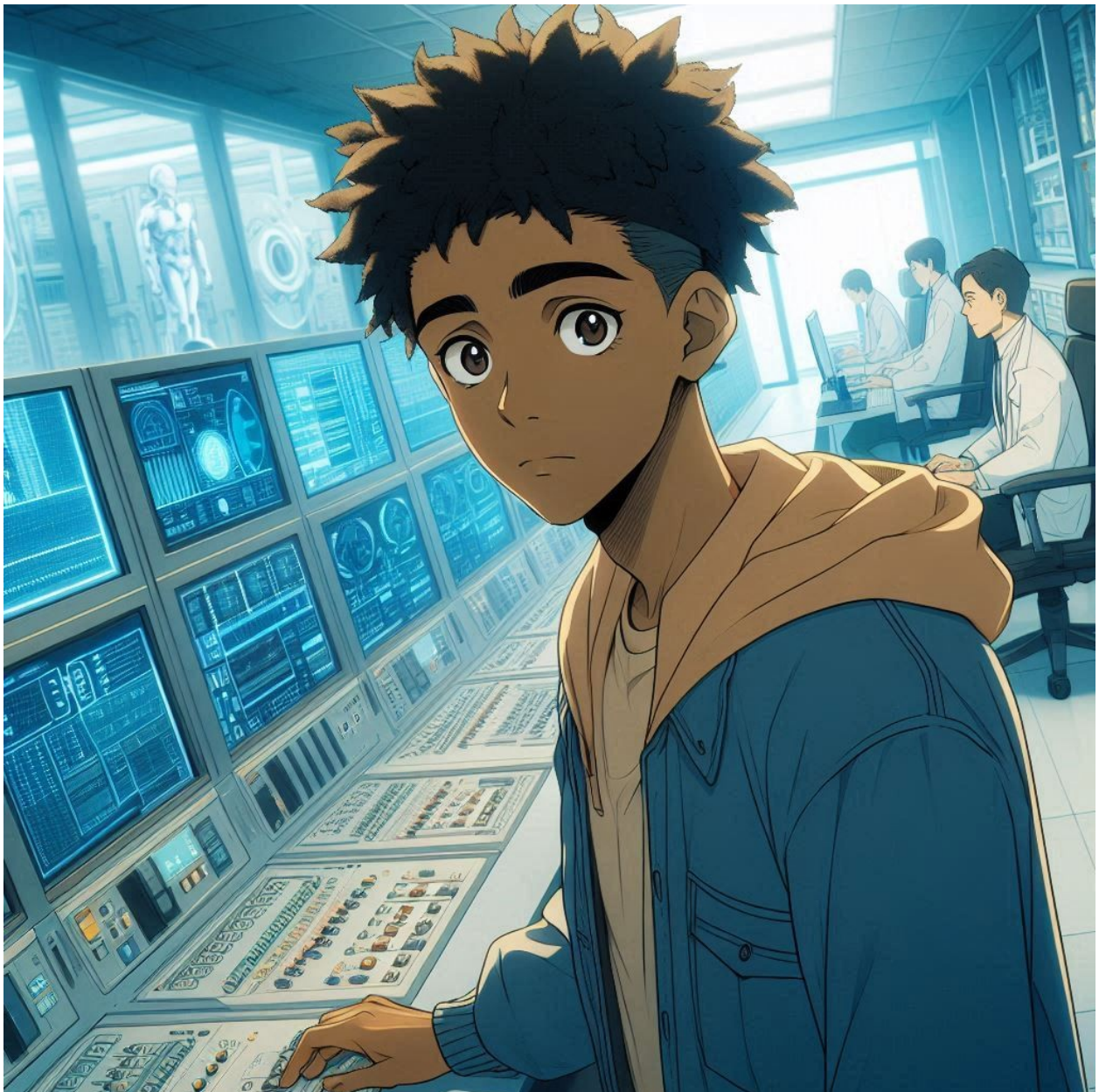
In the dimly lit security room atop Nexus, two figures stand at the overlook observatory. Their silhouettes are etched against the panoramic view of the enigmatic facility below. That was me and Ramsey.

"What you are right now... We made you." Ramsey Proclaims.

I was in a state of shock, "What are you even talking about? There is no way that-"

"What do you think the powers u got are a miracle? A God's gracious gift on you poor souls?"

"No bu... but-"



Regardless I welcome you to Nexus. Where the impossible awaits and where you were born?"

"No way in hell that is the truth!!!!!" I shouted fanatically

"Not.... in that sense of course.... you were born like any other human being but your powers ... Hehe... This facility birthed your abilities-the very currents that surge through your veins. You see, Eric, science here dances with the inexplicable."

"Ugh I am tired of your riddles.... what do u want? You know I am good for nothing already!"

"Patience!" Ramsey adjust his glasses "Follow me."

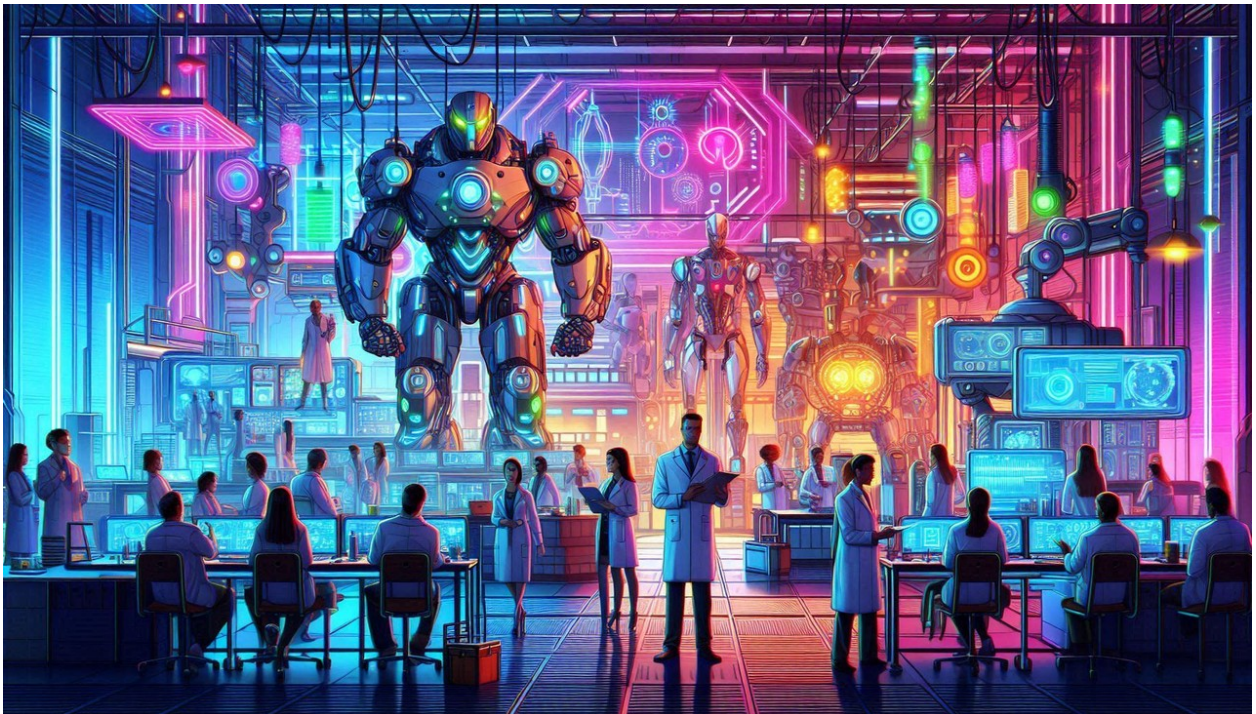




My skin glistened with sweat; eyes wide as I took in the marvels around me as Ramsey, with a slight smile began the cryptic tour around the facility.

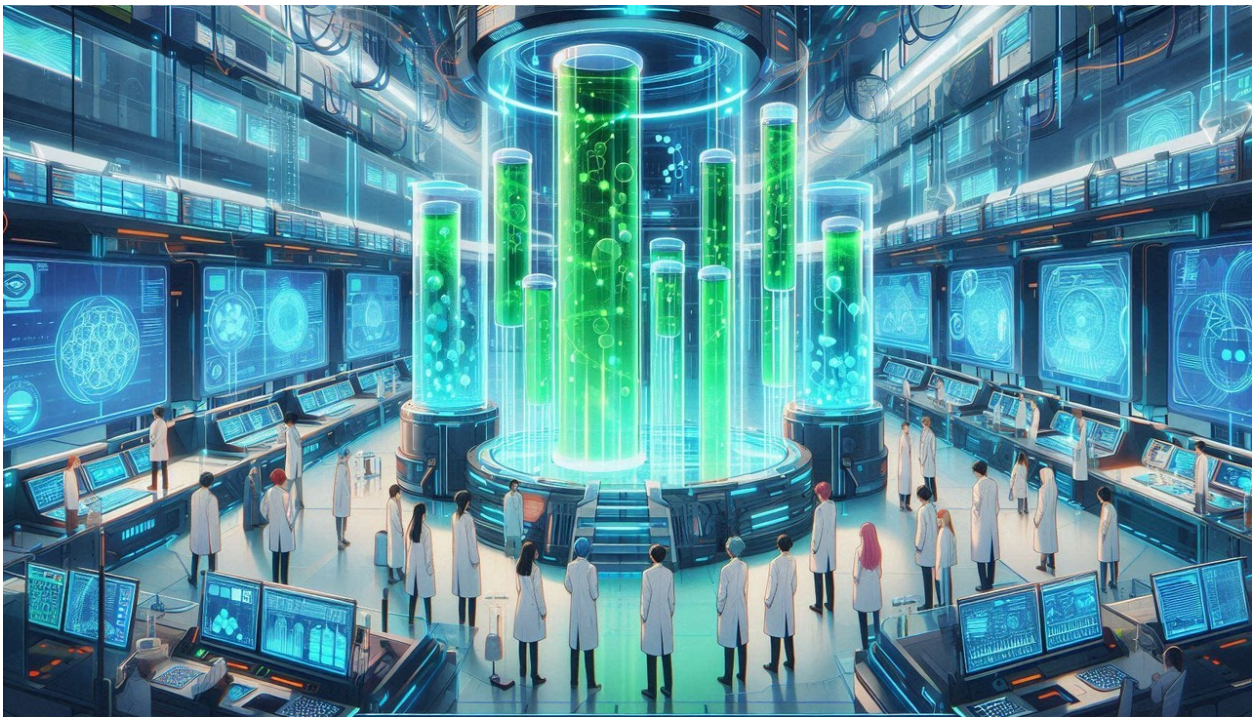
**The Robotics Lab:** Dr. Ramsey led me through a cavernous chamber where metallic limbs twisted and circuits hummed. Robotic arms assembled intricate exoskeletons, their movements fluid yet precise.

"Behold," Dr. Ramsey said, "our cybernetic wonders. They build, repair, and adapt, the robots your friend faced a while were nothing but the oldest obsolete models."



**The Biotics Facility:** Next, we entered a room bathed in bioluminescence. where science and wonder intertwine, scientists delve into the mysteries of life.

"Biotics," Dr. Ramsey explained. "Here we take care of the life that you are given, the scientists brew elixirs. They extract bioactive compounds from invertebrates, substances that defy convention. A beetle's exoskeleton might hold the key to longevity; a mollusk's slime, a cure for neurodegenerative diseases maybe? A spider's silk that mends bones? We have it all."



**The Quantum Security Hub:** we arrived at a steel door guarded by retinal scanners and encryption.



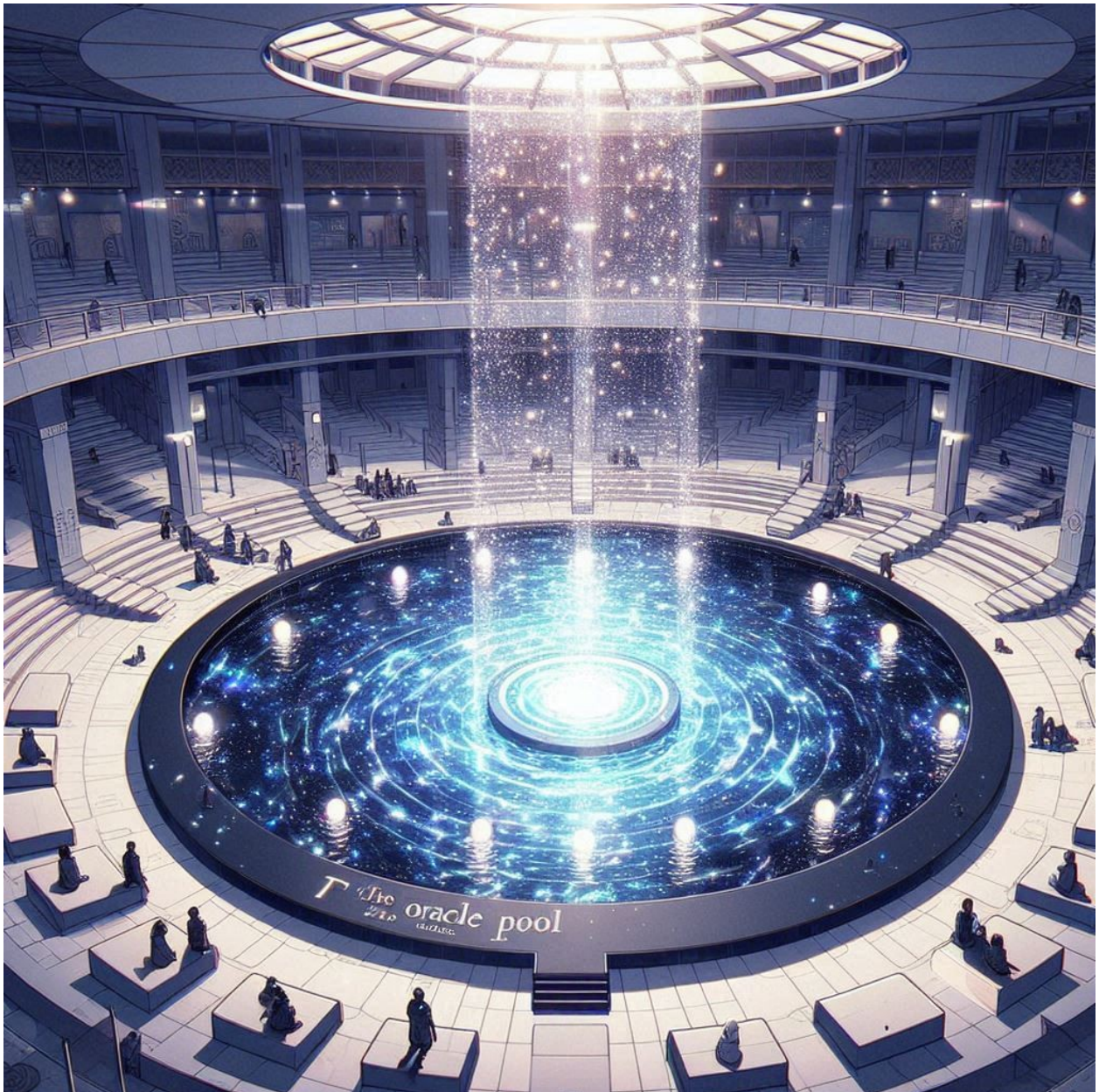
"Our fortress," Dr. Ramsey whispered. "AI sentinels patrol these halls, their algorithms inscrutable. But beware the paradox: security breeds vulnerability. The more we lock down, the more cracks appear. And behind this door? The heart of our defenses-the Anomaly Vault and the secret to your powers. But we will take a look at it when the time is right."



**The Oracle Pool:** Finally, we reached the Oracle Pool a still surface reflecting starlight. At the center of Nexus, on the ground floor, lies the Oracle Pool-an unassuming fountain with profound implications. Its obsidian basin cradles water that shimmers like liquid stardust. Sunlight refracts through the surface, casting prismatic ripples across the room



"Here," Ramsey exclaimed "this reason why you developed your powers. We channeled the pool's waters into filtration plants, distributing it to households. Out of millions. You and your friend are the first success."



"But," I sigh. "What exactly is in this pool?"

Ramsey stepped forward, his gaze piercing. "Essence," he said. "The essence of that Amrita. Or Nexus crystal as we call it. It is a bright pink. It arrived eons ago, riding a comet's tail. As far as we know, it fell on Earth and was shattered into 5 shards. We do have 1 of them and the USA have 3. Location of the last one is unknown.

"Yeah, it is good and all but what makes them special?" I ask.

"It holds secrets, powers unimaginable. Sometimes one holding the crystal shard obtains immense strength, sometimes power of destruction, sometimes even much later on. Then came the Turing machine by Alan Turing. The codes were already decrypted. All we needed was a scape goat to give all the credit to. The project was a façade and the codes that Turing machine decrypted were given by us."

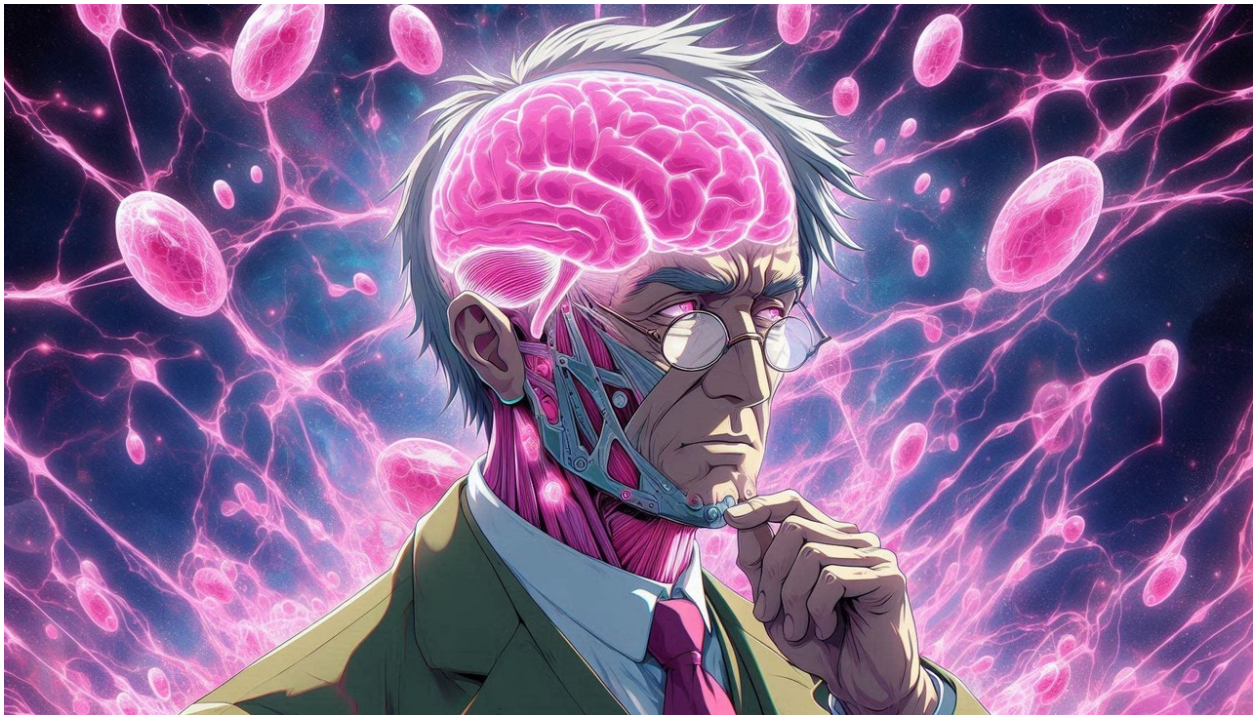
I was in shock and awe as a long chunk of our world history was all a façade, "I... I don't know what to say."

"But the biggest revolution came to us when we were able to dissolve the essence of Nexus shards into various matter and manage to keep its properties intact. USA were the ones to perfect it and they made a fog out of it. Yes, the pink fog incident in the ability of intelligence and sometimes even with the ability to heal even the gravest of wound and disease.

But the revolution came when we were able to create an essence. Using quantum mechanics to replicate the effects to some extent for a limited time. Greatest example would be World War II.



Oppenheimer's bomb-the Manhattan Project-was a charade. The true power lay dormant, within the bomb. The essence of Amrita. Sure, the Atom bomb was created but that would be 1995 and the superheroes that they have. Nexus shards were the reason.



We have been trying to do the same but we failed so instead we decided to dissolve it in all our water supply. A great risk I know but it is for the greater good because when USA comes knocking with their superpower beings. We won't stand a chance. We are not that worried about the other superheroes they have as we can take them on, no problem but Sentinel.... We believe that he has an actual Nexus shard embedded inside of him."

"And what about Khan?" I asked. "Is he also powered by Nexus shards?"

"No, Ramsey answered. "I along with everyone here is sure of it that he is not of this world, an extraterrestrial being. We don't know what he is looking for but if him and Sentinel met again it would cause catastrophic. We can't face Sentinel. He cannot even be touched by us else there will be all out war. But Khan doesn't belong anywhere. We neutralize him and maybe just maybe we will have an advantage."

"And how do u expect me to fight him? When immortal didn't stand a chance and he was stronger than me, also since I got shot in the leg every time my feet lands on the floor it hurts."

"Oh sorry I forgot about that," He places his hand on his pockets and takes out a syringe and quickly without any warning injects it in my neck. "This will solve that."

"AAAGGGGGHHHH uggghhh," I screamed and fell on the floor. "You piece of shit!!! What ... what did u inject me with."

"Those bullets you were shot with had a toxin that suppresses your powers. But don't worry I have already given you the antidote and you will be in fighting condition in no time."

"Damn you!!! I screamed, "YOU KILL MY FRIEND!!!!!! Take me away from my family!!!! And expect to fight and die for you all alone fighting KHAN!!!!!! I'd Rather die here alone than- "

Ramsey calm as ever, "Who says you are fighting alone?"



And then suddenly the elevator door behind him opens. Ramsey slowly step aside and there stands someone with a familiar face wearing and orange jacket. I then hear a familiar voice as my eyes started to adjust.



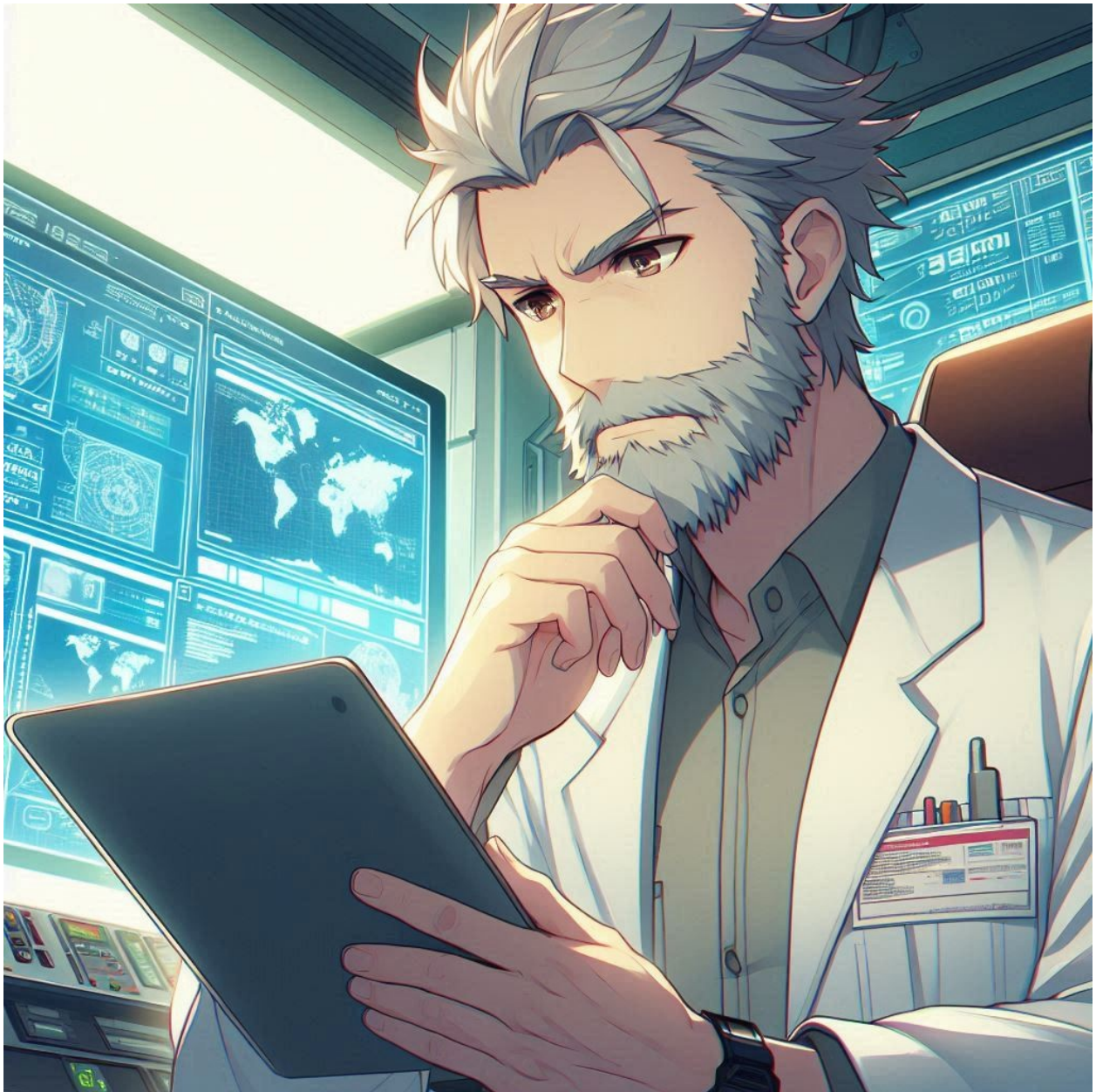
**"ERIC...???"**

In the distance corridor, right beside the research lab, there lies a room. The room is spacious and filled with cutting-edge technology. Sleek, modern workstations are arranged in a meticulous layout, each equipped with advanced computers, holographic displays, and various scientific instruments. The walls are lined with large screens displaying real-time data and complex visualizations.

In the center of this high-tech environment, there's bearded man, in his 60s. sitting at one of the workstations. He is deeply engrossed in reading a stack of reports. His brow is furrowed, and he occasionally shifts uncomfortably in his chair. The reports seem to contain critical information, and the weight of their contents is evident on his face. Despite the advanced surroundings, the man's discomfort suggests that the data he is reviewing is troubling or challenging.

"This... this cannot be?"





Beside him is a man in lab coat, "But sir the tests are thorough. The DNA are 98% match!."

"Yes, I know!" He bashes the table in anger. "But this.... okay listen to me. Take this sample to the biotic labs again. Run the tests again, we definitely cannot come to any conclusion right now."

"Okay sir Leones." The researcher exclaimed. "But it if actually matches... Then that would me-"

"Just go!" The bearded man shouts.

The bearded man, feeling the weight of the reports, decides to take a moment to clear his mind. He walks over to a sleek, modern bar in the corner of the room and pours himself a glass of rich, red wine. The deep color of the wine contrasts with the sterile, high-tech surroundings.

With the glass in hand, he moves towards the large observatory window that spans the entire wall. The window offers a panoramic view of the facility's grounds. He gazes down at the ground floor, where a beautifully designed fountain - the Oracle Pool is the centerpiece of the facility.

The bearded man takes a sip of his wine, the liquid warming him slightly as he watches the scene below, at Eric and Ramsey, engaged in conversation as the door to the lift opens below.

"Ah, so they are all awake it seems," he took a deep sip. "Time to get everything ready."

With a deep sigh, he turns away from the window and walks towards the door. As he moves, he methodically turns off the lights, one by one, plunging the room into darkness. The soft hum of the equipment fades into the background, leaving only the faint glow of the screens as they power down.



Reaching the door, he pauses for a moment, his hand resting on the handle. He takes a final glance around the now dimly lit room, the shadows casting long, eerie shapes on the walls.

With a sense of finality, he closes the door behind him, the click of the latch echoing in the quiet hallway. The bearded man walks away, his footsteps fading into the distance, leaving the room and its burdens behind for the night.

Down near the Oracle Fountain I stand in awe as the elevator door opens. My heart skips a beat as I see a familiar figure stepping out. Someone I thought was lost forever. The shock and disbelief are evident as I take a hesitant step forward, mind racing to comprehend the impossible.

Our eyes meet, and for a moment, time seems to stand still. My expression shifts from shock to overwhelming relief and joy as I hear the word from his mouth.

"Eric...???"



I rush forward, closing the distance between us, my emotions a whirlwind of happiness and confusion with tears welling up in my eyes as I embrace him

"Ah... Ahnaf!!!! You.... You are alive!!!!.... how the hell is this even happening, I thought you were dead!"

"Ahh yes," He smiles with equal happiness. "Yes, I am haha..ahahaha... .."

"Screw you man... here I was thinking that I had lost my only friend and here you are laughing!!!!"

"Calm down now..."

"You!!!" I moved back and looked back at Ramsey. "What happened... How is this possible.... I saw you shot him in the head."

"Well," Ramsey looks at me and smiles. "I guess he really is Immortal."

"What?" I angrily protested. "enough with those Ridd-"

"Listen kid, Yes I shot Ahnaf, right in his head, point one - he was relentless at that time and point two - had he died there he wouldn't stand a chance against Khan anyways. Well we thought he was dead at first but when we were going to dissect his body, his wound started to heal up and then we heard the heartbeat. That boy there is a miracle."

Eric, "Now we are all here... now what?"

"Look I already briefed your friend Ahnaf there and we can go at it all day... you don't like some of our things then I don't like some of your things but let's firstly let me tell you both of your questions will be answered. Come with me."

We obliged as we had no other options. We exchange a glance, a mix of curiosity and caution, we step into the elevator with him. As the doors close and the elevator begins its descent, I couldn't help but feel a sense of unease. Ramsey with his intense demeanor seems both knowledgeable and enigmatic. I wonder if we can trust him after all he has done.



"Ahnaf," I whisper. "How can you be so calm in all this?"

"Well, he did brief you on the entire situation right and I guess I can understand him in a way."

"Dude this is Ramsey, the guy been lying to you and your family for years, he and God knows how many other people along with him were the reason our situation turned out to be like this...."

"I know, I get that, but think on the bright side. We got super powers because of his little experiment."

"Little experiment? The entire water system is filled with a dangerous substance because of him and you are thinking about yourself!?".

"Now it was that bad and people were actually being harmed surely this would have discontinued Decades ago, right?"

"What about Mid-Nite??? You father? He conspired with Khan so that he could kill us all at the same time. Even if I was present in the farmhouse, we still wouldn't be able to beat him. And in a way he succeeded didn't he. He killed your father."

"I...." Ahnaf hesitated for a moment. "I know how you feel but at that moment in time who else would have taken the initiative to fight him?"

"The government? It is not our job to protect the people...."

"Oh yeah? And how would the 'Government' fight Khan? Shoot bullet? You didn't see what Mid-Nite did to him, he threw everything at him! Bullet, bombs, dynamite everything! And he was still left unscathed."

"Yes exactly!" I answered. "And so, did the Sentinel!!!??? If he couldn't stop him, what chance do we have!?"

"Maybe we do, maybe we don't. Maybe Khan is going to kill us, maybe we are going to kill him. There are a lot of 'maybe'. But one thing I can say for sure is that we have to be stronger and we can be stronger and they can help us!"

I paused for a moment after hearing his words. "Where is Kelly?"

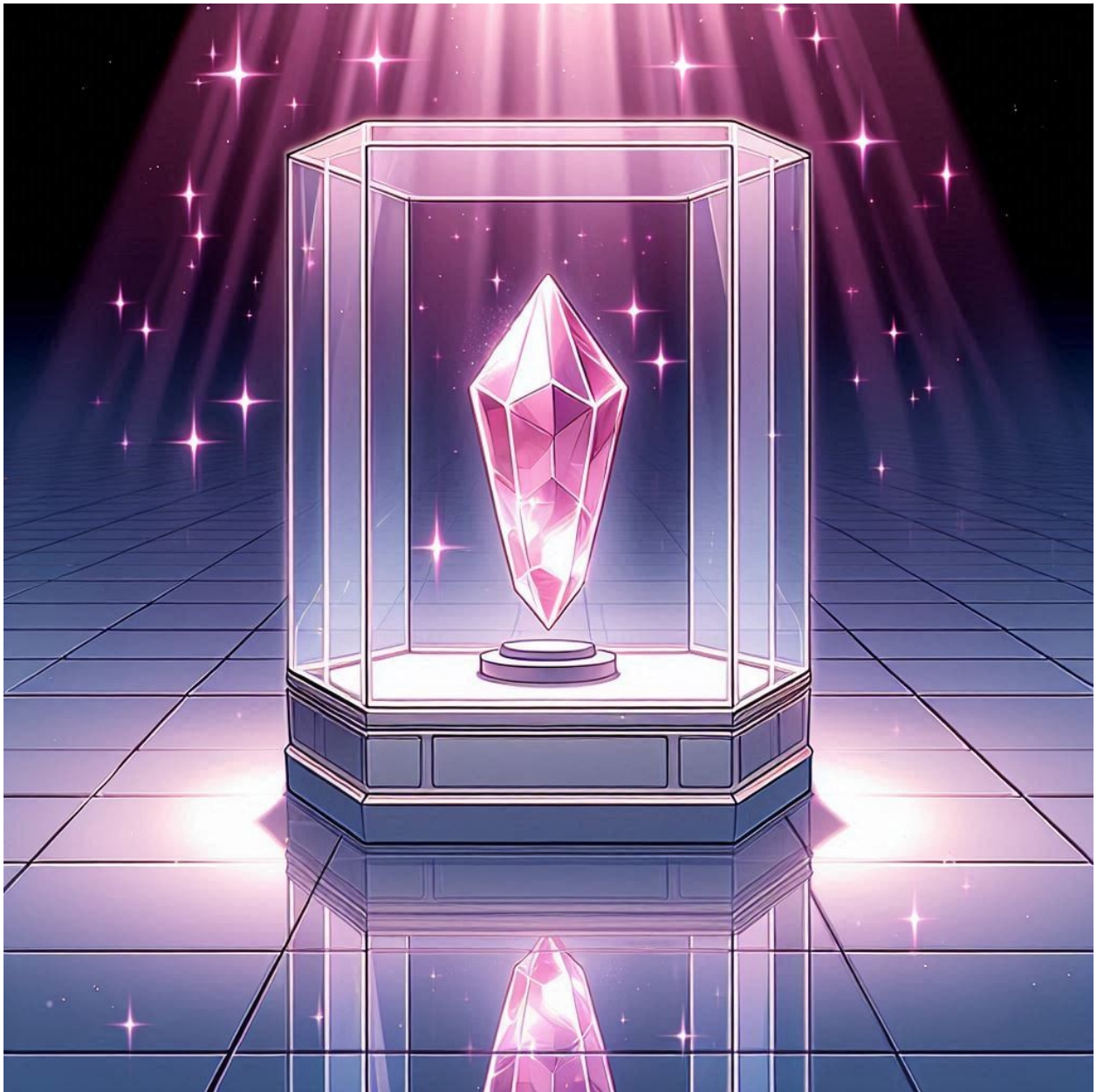
"Oh her? They let her go back home after making her sign a bunch of contracts."

"Fine....."

Then they stood silently looking away from one another. The soft hum of the elevator fills the silence, each of us lost in our own thoughts, preparing for whatever awaits them when the doors open.

As the elevator doors slide open, we step out into a breathtaking gallery room. The space is circular, with high ceilings and walls adorned with elegant, minimalist designs. Soft, ambient lighting bathes the room in a warm glow, highlighting the centerpiece of the gallery.

In the very middle of the room, encased in a pristine glass enclosure, lies a pink crystal shard. The crystal emits a gentle, mesmerizing light, its soft pink hue casting delicate reflections across the polished floor and walls. The glass case is perfectly transparent, allowing an unobstructed view of the shard from every angle.





The atmosphere in the gallery is serene and almost reverent, as if the room itself acknowledges the significance of the crystal. The air feels charged with a subtle energy; the kind that makes the hair on the back of your neck stand up. Me and Ahnaf stand in silent awe, the beauty and mystery of the crystal captivating our attention.

A bearded man steps in from the, his eyes fixed on the shard. The we exchange a glance. The room, with its perfect blend of elegance and wonder, feels like a sanctuary, a place where the extraordinary is not just possible, but real.

The bearded man turns to the two friends, his expression softening as he addresses them. "Welcome, Ahnaf and Eric, I am Leones, the head of this facility." he says, his voice calm and reassuring. "I know you have many questions, and I promise you will get answers. But first, let me show you something important."



He gestures towards the center of the room, where the small pink crystal shard lies encased in glass. The gentle glow of the crystal illuminates their faces, casting a serene light that seems to ease some of their earlier apprehensions.

Me and Ahnaf exchange a glance, our curiosity piqued. The bearded man's demeanor, though still enigmatic, carries a sense of sincerity that makes us feel slightly more at ease. They step closer to the glass enclosure, their eyes fixed on the mesmerizing crystal.

"This shard," the bearded man continues, "holds more significance than you can imagine. It is a key to understanding the challenges we face and the solutions we seek."

"What is it?" Ahnaf asked with his eyes fixated at the shard

"Amrita, The nexus shard. The originator of your powers. Long ago-"

'Yeah." I cut him in the middle. "We are done hearing that. Could we please move on?"

"Oh," The bearded man now dumbfounded by my attitude proceeded to laugh. "ha... hahah... ahhh young ones, always eager hehe... okay I won't bore you with the same lectures Ramon, Ramsey, Ray, Rupert, or whatever his name is right now, gave you. Heh.... let me cut to the chase then.

The Nexus Shard is unlike any other. It possesses chaotic, magical properties that make it both fascinating and unpredictable. Every few years, it hums with an intense energy, its magical properties coming to life. During these periods, the shard can influence and amplify other energy sources, creating phenomena that are both wondrous and dangerous.

However, this state doesn't last forever. After a time, the Nexus Shard becomes dormant, its magical properties fading until it appears as nothing more than a beautiful, inert crystal. This cycle of activity and dormancy repeats every 15 to 20 years, making the shard a subject of great interest and mystery.

The last time it started to function was during World War 2 and stopped working right before 1944.



We have tried to deduce a pattern because we don't think that this shard gets its powers at random. I think it is way more mysterious than that."

Me and Ahnaf listen intently, our earlier apprehensions slowly giving way to curiosity and intrigue. The bearded man's explanation sheds light on the shard's enigmatic nature, and they begin to understand why it is so carefully protected and studied. The bearded man, his expression thoughtful, continues to share his insights with us.

"There's something else I've come to believe about the Nexus Shard," he says, his voice tinged with a mix of curiosity and conviction. "I don't think its cycles of activity and dormancy are random.

Over the years, I've studied the shard's behavior extensively. I've noticed patterns, subtle but consistent, that suggest an external influence. It's as if something or someone is triggering these cycles, guiding the shard's magical properties to awaken and then recede."



Me and Ahnaf exchange a glance, our interest piqued even further. The idea that the shard's behavior might be influenced by an outside force adds a new layer of mystery to its already enigmatic nature.

The bearded man continues, "If we can understand what or who is behind these influences, we might be able to predict and even control the shard's cycles. This could unlock unprecedented potential, but it also means we must be cautious. The forces at play could be more powerful and complex than we realize.

Throughout history, there have been moments when the Nexus Shard's influence has manifested in dramatic and often destructive ways. One of the most notable periods was during World War II. During the war, there were reports of strange, cascading violet lights appearing in various locations around the world. These lights were often accompanied by what seemed like signs of battle, fierce and chaotic. The Allies and Axis powers both sought to understand and harness this phenomenon, believing it could turn the tide of the war."

Teams were dispatched to investigate these occurrences, but every time they arrived at a site, they found only ruins. It was as if the battles had left nothing but destruction in their wake. These places, once vibrant and full of life, were reduced to desolate wastelands, scarred by the remnants of magical conflict.





I believe these events were not random. The Nexus Shard's cycles of activity and dormancy are influenced by external forces, and during the war, those forces were particularly active. The violet lights were clues, signs of the shard's chaotic energy being manipulated and unleashed."

"But that could be a coincidence, right?" Ahnaf finally broke the silence. "There was an all-out war going on everywhere during World War II. The destruction caused could be due to the field test of new weapons."

"Throughout the ages," he says, "there have been numerous events that bear the hallmarks of the shard's chaotic energy. One such event is the fall of the Roman Empire. Some historians believe that the sudden and dramatic shifts in power, the inexplicable military

defeats, and the internal strife could have been influenced by the shard's cycles of activity."



He continues, "Another intriguing period is the Renaissance. The sudden explosion of art, science, and culture during this time might have been spurred by the shard's magical properties. It's possible that the shard's energy inspired and amplified the creativity and intellect of the great minds of that era."





The bearded man pauses, his expression thoughtful. "The Salem witch trials are another example. The hysteria and fear that gripped the town, leading to the tragic persecution of many, could have been a result of the shard's chaotic influence. The violet lights and strange occurrences reported during that time suggest a connection."



We exchange a glance, our curiosity piqued. Ahnaf asks. "Okay now that intrigued me, but coming to the present how would this shard help us defeat Khan?"

The bearded man, his expression serious yet hopeful, continues to share a crucial development. "We've been working tirelessly to harness the essence of the Nexus Shard," he says. "And we've created a drug from its energy. We call it Step UP; UP is for Unleashed Potential."

He pauses, letting the significance of his words sink in. "When someone takes Step UP, their innate powers are amplified dramatically, much like an experience booster. However, this surge in power comes with a caveat-you must learn to control it. The drug



enhances your abilities, but without proper control, it can be overwhelming and even dangerous."

Me and Ahnaf listen intently, our minds racing with the possibilities. The idea of amplifying their powers is both thrilling and daunting. They understand the potential benefits, especially in their ongoing battle against Khan, but they also recognize the risks.

The bearded man, sensing the need to provide a balanced perspective, continues, "While Step UP can amplify your powers quickly, there's another path you can take. With dedicated training and time, you can achieve the same level of strength and control as you would with the drug."

He looks at us, his expression earnest. "Training like normal allows you to develop your abilities at a natural pace, giving you the time to fully understand and master them. This path requires patience and perseverance, but it also ensures that you build a solid foundation of control and skill.

Both paths have their merits. Step UP offers a rapid boost, but it comes with the challenge of immediate control. Natural training, on the other hand, is a slower process but provides a deeper, more intuitive mastery of your powers."

We exchange a thoughtful glance, weighing their options. The bearded man continues, "Ultimately, the choice is yours. Whether you choose the accelerated path with Step UP or the steady journey

of training, remember that your commitment and determination will be key to unlocking your full potential."

Ahnaf's thoughts raced as he considered the bearded man's words.

*"If what he says is true, this could be the key to amplifying my powers and finally standing toe to toe with Khan. But relying on a drug feels like cheating. What if even with Step UP, I can't defeat him?*

*Will I keep taking more, becoming dependent on it? That's not who I am. I've never run from my problems, and I never will. I face challenges head-on, relying on my own strength. There are no shortcuts in this fight. If I start using Step UP, where does it end? How many times will I need to take it to feel powerful enough?*

*No, I need to do this on my own terms. I need to prove to myself that I can be strong without relying on an artificial boost. I have to trust in my own abilities and continue to train, to push myself beyond my limits. There are no easy ways out, and I'm ready to face whatever comes my way with my innate strength."*

My thoughts churned as I listened to the bearded man.

*"I've always been just a speedster. Sure, I can run fast, but compared to Ahnaf's strength and healing, I've always felt weak and useless. What good is speed when I can't even land a solid punch on Khan? Even if we face him, I will just be a distraction, not a real threat."*

*This drug, Step UP, could change everything. It could make me stronger, faster, more capable. For once, I could be the one making a difference, not just running around trying to stay out of the way. I want to take it. I need to take it. I need to prove to myself that I can be more than just a speedster.*

*But there's a part of me that's scared. What if it doesn't work? What if I still can't beat Khan? And even if it does work, will I always need it to feel powerful? I don't want to rely on something artificial to prove my worth, but right now, I feel like I have no other choice.*

*I want to be strong on my own terms, but maybe this is the push I need to get there. Maybe Step UP is the key to unlocking my true potential. I have to take this chance. I have to believe that I can be more than what I am now."*

The room, with its tranquil ambiance and the captivating presence of the Nexus Shard, feels charged with a sense of possibility. Me and Ahnaf, now fully aware of our options, stand ready to make their decision, guided by the bearded man's wisdom and the shard's mysterious energy.

"I will take the drug!!!" I answer.



Ahnaf in shock, "What? I thought you of all people were paranoid about all this..."

Yes, maybe I still am paranoid but like you said, there is no other options other than us. And I don't want to be a hinderance to you. For once I just want to stop running and start fighting and help you



when u need me, I don't always want to be the one to rescue you when you are in trouble. I want to protect you as well. I want to be useful for once."

"You are never a hinderance to me," Ahnaf reassures. "You can be stronger by training as well."

"Maybe.... heh... I will be stronger if I train, maybe I will not. Maybe Khan will be kind enough to give us some time to train for months, maybe he will not. A lot of maybe. But one thing I can say for sure, is that if I take this drug right now. I will be stronger than I was before."

"Heh.... Eric... You have grown hahaha" Ahnaf laughs.



The bearded man nods, respecting their decision.

"Very well," he says. "Ahnaf, your path will be one of discipline and perseverance. Your strength will grow through relentless training and dedication. Eric, Step UP will amplify your speed and abilities,

but remember, control is key. Both of you have chosen your paths, and together, you will become a formidable force."

He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "There's an abandoned airfield on the outskirts of the city. It's vast, isolated, and perfect for your training. There, you will learn to harness your powers in ways you never imagined."

Me and Ahnaf exchanged glances, a mix of excitement and determination in our eyes. The airfield represented a new chapter in their journey, a place where they could grow even stronger.

"But what about my mom, and his parents, our school?" Ahnaf asked.

"Your families and your education are important," he begins, his voice gentle yet firm. "We've made arrangements to ensure they're taken care of. Ahnaf, Your Mom have been informed that you're on a special mission, one that requires your unique abilities. She will understand the gravity of the situation and support your decision.

Eric, I know your mother isn't aware of your abilities, we've taken steps to ensure she remains safe and unaware of the specifics of your mission. She believes you're on a special program that will help you develop your skills and potential."

He pauses, letting the weight of his words sink in. "As for your schooling, we've arranged for private tutors who will keep you up to date with your studies. Your education won't be neglected. In fact,

you'll be learning more than you ever could in a traditional classroom.

My name is Leones and I welcome both of you."

### **The next day.... January 12th 2019**

As I sit in the plush seat of the private jet, the hum of the engines a constant reminder of our journey, I can't help but reflect on how far we've come. Ahnaf is beside me, his eyes closed in meditation, his presence a steady anchor in the whirlwind of our lives. The bearded man's words echo in my mind:

*"The airfield is where you'll push your limits."*

I know he's right. This isn't just about training; it's about transformation. The power of Step-UP courses through my veins, amplifying my speed and agility, but it's up to me to control it, to master it.

I glance at Ahnaf, his calm demeanor a stark contrast to the storm of thoughts in my head. He's always been the rock, the one who faces every challenge head-on with unwavering determination. I admire that about him. Together, we will face Khan and end his reign of terror.

But this next step feels different. The abandoned airfield represents more than just a training ground. It's a crucible where we'll be



tested, where we'll either rise to new heights or fall short. I feel a mix of excitement and trepidation, but above all, a sense of resolve.

As the jet begins its descent, I take a deep breath, feeling the weight of our mission settle on my shoulders. The journey ahead will be tough, but with Ahnaf by my side, I know we can face whatever comes our way.

I hope Mom, Dad, Miss Ruvana and Kelly are all fine back there.

As the last rays of sunlight bathed the airfield in a golden glow, the two of us stood in silence, contemplating the challenges and triumphs that lay ahead. The journey was far from over, but with the wisdom of the past and the promise of the future, we are ready to face it together.

